STORMWATCH: TEAM ACHILLES #13

"THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BROWN SEA"

by

Micah Ian Wright

First Draft 3/26/03

Wildstorm Comics
888 Prospect Avenue

La Jolla, CA 92037

StormWatch: Team Achilles
"The Devil and the Deep Brown Sea"
Written by Micah Ian Wright
First Draft
March 26, 2003

PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

Tight Downshot on Santini, flat on his back on a weight bench, pushing the bar towards camera. He's sweaty and struggling. A TV Announcer yammers in the background.

SANTINI
Ehhrrrn... Thirtyseven.

TV ANNOUNCER
-Still no word as to how many criminals attacked the Federal Reserve Bank. Unofficial sources reports have the criminal death toll at Four.

PANEL TWO

Santini lowers the bar. The bar comes down close to Santini's neck. He's really sweaty now.

FLINT (OFF SCREEN)
You want me to take it?

SANTINI
No.

TV ANNOUNCER
The CIVIL DEFENSE ADMINISTRATION has reassured the media that the robbers were never able to penetrate the bank's 20-foot thick revolving steel door in order to steal any of the world gold deposits...

PANEL THREE

Up. Shakey.

SANTINI
Grrrnnnn... thirtyeight!

FLINT (O.S.)
Your arms are giving out. I'm going to spot you.

SANTINI
NO!

CONTINUED:

TV ANNOUNCER

Speaking off the record, senior CDA sources have told FAX NEWS that the United Nations “Team Achilles” superhuman babysitting force proved their inefficiency yet again as a third of their unit was injured or killed in their confrontation with the robbers which saw at least two of the criminals escape.

PANEL FOUR

Flashback to the Federal Reserve Bank Robbery. JEROMY: color-shift to indicate different place/time.

Santini cradling Blake Coleman’s body. A huge mass of bloody pulp where Coleman’s head should be.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

Santini’s hands give out. He drops the weights toward his neck.

SANTINI

FUCK!

PAGE 2

PANEL ONE

Flint's leather-gloved hand shoots out, catching the bar two inches from Santini's face.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Pull way out. They're in StormWatch's gym, weight equipment everywhere. Flint holds the heavy barbell with one hand. Her bicep bulges, she's ripped. A television rests on a wall mount with a FAX NEWS CHANNEL reporter onscreen.

FLINT
Colonel Santini, the point of having a spotter when working out is to allow them to spot you.

SANTINI
Just keeping you on your toes, Flint.

FLINT
You're lucky I wasn't watching the news.

TV ANNOUNCER
So, yet another catastrophe caused by the United Nations averted by our very own Civil Defense Administration.

PANEL THREE

Small panel, Santini's hand curls around a flat round 10-pound weight plate.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
A good thing, too... if that gold had been stolen, boy we'd have been reporting an entirely different story today. This is Jerry White reporting for FAX NEWS CHANNEL.

PANEL FOUR

The weight smashes through the front of the television screen. Sparks and glass fly everywhere.

SOUND E/FX
KREAAASH!

SOUND E/FX
(small!)
Fizz. Pop. Krrack.

2 CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Santini smirks. Flint stares at him with a cocked eyebrow.

SANTINI
There. That's better. Nice and quiet.

FLINT
Oooh-kaay. Well, now that it's quiet, you want to finish your story about Project Entry? How did you escape that crazy SPB?

SANTINI
Oh, that? That was easy...

PAGE 3

PANEL ONE

Flashback. Devil in creepy crouchy position similar to the last panel of #12. Different angle, showing his POV onto the Black Anvils.

SANTINI (CAPTION)
...I made a deal.

DEVIL
So? Who wants to make a deal? Get me off this dead rock and I'll let you live.

SANTINI
You want a deal? I'll make you a deal...

PANEL TWO

C/U on Santini.

SANTINI
Black Razors? Kill This PIECE OF SHIT.

PANEL THREE

Wide On the Black Razors/Anvils as they all open up on devil with their massive firepower. Shell casings fly as their weapons pour devastating fire off panel.

PANEL FOUR

Devil just stands there, taking it. Huge chunks are taken out of the concrete wall behind him. The dead Black Razor he's standing next to is pulped and pulverized (we need the comparison to show how deadly this hail of fire is).

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE

C/U on Devil as he smiles.

DEVIL
I thought you might need to get that out of your systems.

PANEL TWO

On Santini. Horrified.

SANTINI
What the Hell are you? Did you kill everyone in this city?

PANEL THREE

C/U on Devil, laughing.

DEVIL
City? Hahahahahaha!

PANEL FOUR

On Devil. Smiling, licking his lips.

DEVIL
City? Please. I killed everyone on this planet, friend!

DEVIL
One by one. My only regret is that I did it too quick... I got in too big a hurry to finish the job. It's a bit like eating potato crisps... you can't just kill one person.

DEVIL
I should have stretched it out. Made it last a few generations. Because I'm bored now.

PANEL FIVE

On Santini. He stares down at Devil, his weapon hanging down, to the side. Devil is excited! He's freaking out in front of Santini.

SANTINI
And now you want a new planet. OUR Planet.

DEVIL
YES! Got it in ONE! And people say you military types are stupid!

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

On Santini, face to face with Devil.

DEVIL
So, mate, whaddya say?

SANTINI
I'll take your deal on one condition.

PANEL TWO

Devil is suspicious. Eyes narrowed.

DEVIL
What's that?

SANTINI
Our portable teleporters can go to any number of universes. We'll give you a unit which has OUR planet locked out of it. I don't care how many other planets you wreck, but I don't want you touching OUR home.

PANEL THREE

Devil is thrilled. He does a naughty little dance. Coleman starts forward and puts his hand on Santini's arm.

DEVIL
Why SURE! Is that ALL? Hell, man, one planet's as good as any other for what ***I*** have in mind!

DEVIL
Sir, I can't allow you-

SANTINI
Shut Up, Sergeant! Would you rather this Monster eat **your** family or a bunch of random people who live in some theoretical otherwhere?

PANEL FOUR

Devil grabs Coleman and smiles from ear to ear.

DEVIL
I could kill him now?

5 CONTINUED:

SANTINI
Stop trying to be helpful. In fact, go away so we can work in peace. Give us 30 minutes to get the system back online, then we'll give you your ride out of here.

PANEL FIVE

Devil looks around.

DEVIL
Fine. Don't try anything funny, though... I'll be around.

PANEL SIX

Devil blurs off-screen.

PAGE 6

PANEL ONE

Modern-day. Santini and Flint walk down a hallway in StormWatch HQ. Flint has a disgusted look on her face. Santini has an exasperated look on his face as he throws his hands up in the air.

FLINT
You made a deal with that... that **THING**? To save your own life?

SANTINI
Are you telling this story? No? Then stop being a hardon and let me finish it.

PANEL TWO

Back to the flashback. Coleman and Cisco and the tiny little professor are shouting at Santini.

CISCO
Sir, you're making a deal with the Devil! You can't trust that thing!

COLEMAN
Ben, my ass ain't worth so much to me that I'm going to let that thing loose on another planet!

DR. OFFENBERG
I just do not understand what you were talking about when you said portable-

PANEL THREE

Santini's hand over the Professor's mouth. Giant Servomotor fingers are about to pop his skull like an egg.

SOUND E/FX
(small!)
Whhhzzrrrr

SANTINI
All of you stand down. Now.

PANEL FOUR

Small panel. Santini flips a panel up on his forearm. Inside is a keyboard similar to a Blackberry.

SANTINI
We've got a chance to leave this planet.

6 CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Small panel. Santini presses buttons on they keypad.

SANTINI
I don’t know about you, but I intend to take it. Listen to me, no way are we letting this loser get off this planet.

PANEL SIX

Inside of Cisco’s suit. His Heads-Up-Display displays the text that Santini is typing. He smirks.

HEADS-UP-DISPLAY TEXT
SANTINI: The fucker is listening to every word. Everything I say out loud is bullshit. Play Along.

PAGE 7

PANEL ONE

Inside Coleman's suit, looking towards Santini who's busy typing. The professor is watching Santini type.

SANTINI (ALOUD)
Look, professor, I need you to set up one of our portable teleportation units and let this Inhuman freak think he's getting off-planet. In reality, we're going to teleport him into the center of the sun.

HEADS-UP-DISPLAY TEXT
PROFESSOR: We can't do that.

HEADS-UP-DISPLAY TEXT
SANTINI: Drop him in Australia. I just want him far away from us.

PANEL TWO

Inside Santini's suit. Santini looks down at the Professor as he types onto Santini's arm. HUD flashes text onscreen.

PROFESSOR (ALOUD)
But Colonel Santini, what if he wants one of us to go through the teleportal first? He's bound to be suspicious of us.

HEADS-UP-DISPLAY TEXT
DR. OFFENBERG: We're just going to leave him here? What if he escapes someday?

PANEL THREE

On Santini, smiling.

SANTINI
Oh, that's easy, professor. No way on Earth is he going to trust us. I want you to rig the grid so the first person who goes through winds up safe in our universe. Person #2 gets deep-fried in the sun.

PANEL FOUR

Heads-Up-Display text.

HEADS-UP-DISPLAY TEXT
SANTINI: Dr. Offenberg, you get to work on getting remote operations working for Project Entry. Cisco, Coleman, I want you to rig something technical-looking that we can pretend is a portable transporter.

(MORE)

7 CONTINUED:

HEADS-UP-DISPLAY TEXT (cont'd)
Use pieces of Grady and Fleming's suits. I want Dr. Offenberg in Wu's armor.

PANEL FIVE

Above ground, Devil listens with his ear to the ground.

SANTINI (O.S.)
(do some type of weird dashed-border bubble or soemthing to indicate that DEVIL's hearing this through solid rock)
After the Freak gets clambaked, the rest of us can stroll right on through.

DEVIL
So that's the plan, is it?

PAGE 8

PANEL ONE

Santini and Flint. Santini opens a door marked “OPERATIONS.”

FLINT
So you teleported him into the sun?

SANTINI
You know the story so well, why don’t YOU tell it to me?

FLINT
Sorry.

PANEL TWO

Flashback. On Devil, holding a belt with huge metal boxes hanging off of it. Like a Stormtrooper belt or something but with lots of wiring. Devil looks at it with a raised eyebrow, very mistrustful.

DEVIL
So THIS is my teleportation belt? How does it work?

DR. OFFENBERG
You press the large red button and twist the dial below it to choose a universe.

DEVIL
Okay. Let’s try it.

PANEL THREE

Devil pushes his button. Behind him, Dr. Offenberg pushes a button on a small palm-pilot sized device.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

A **BLUE** Project Entry Teleportal opens in the middle of the room.

DEVIL
And this will take me off this planet?

SANTINI
It’ll send you on the trip of your life.

PAGE 9

PANEL ONE

Devil smiles and steps towards the circle.

DEVIL
Excellent. Well, I'll be seeing you.

SANTINI
Wait, don't you want to test it?

DEVIL
Why would I want to do that? I trust you.

PANEL TWO

Devil stands next to the circle, smirking.

SANTINI
But... we could be trying to ***TRICK*** you! You should send one of us through to test it!

DEVIL
But why? The first person through winds up on your planet and the second person ends up in the center of the sun, right?

DEVIL
I heard your entire conversation you dolt!

PANEL THREE

Devil laughs at Santini.

DEVIL
But now ***I'm*** going to be the first one through. You can draw straws to see who #2 will be and once the third man comes through, it'll be far too late to stop me. Oh, and as a parting touch... hrwaaaaaak...

PANEL FOUR

Devil spits a loogie off panel. FAST.

SOUND E/FX
Fptooo!

PANEL FIVE

The spit SHATTERS Santini's right knee. Right through the Black Anvil armor.

SANTINI
Raaaaaaaghh!

9 CONTINUED:

PANEL SIX

Devil walks through the teleportal backwards, waving to Santini.

DEVIL
You must think I’m stupid or something.

PAGE 10

PANEL ONE

Big panel. Like 3/4 of the page. Devil all alone in the middle of the Australian Outback. The giant Ayers Rock stands behind him in the distance. The teleportal he stepped out of is shrinking to the size of a frisbee.

http://www.odysseytravel.com.au/images/visitors_menu/ayers%20rock.GIF

DEVIL
What the?

SOUND E/FX
(small! coming from his waist)
Beepbeep.

PANEL TWO

Devil looks down at the “teleportation belt” -- it’s the mini-fusion capacitors from the crushed Black Anvil armors. Atop One of them is a blinking red light.

SOUND E/FX
Beeeeeeeeeeeep.

DEVIL
Fuck me.

PAGE 11

PANEL ONE

Ka-Blooey. Nuclear explosion. Haw Haw.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Santini and Flint walk towards Cisco who is using a computer.

FLINT
So that’s what happened to your other knee?

SANTINI
Motherfucker just couldn’t hit metal one...
now I get a weird itchy feeling all over my
legs on cold days.

FLINT
So then you exfiltrated and came back home?

PAGE 12

PANEL ONE

Paris. Destroyed. A half-smashed Eiffel Tower looms over the crushed city. The Black Razors move through the wreckage and dead bodies.

SANTINI (CAPTION)
No... I patched up and splinted the leg and before heading out, Dr. Offenberg, Coleman, Cisco and I spent a few minutes searching for survivors.

SANTINI (CAPTION)
We didn't find any.

PANEL TWO

India. A half-smashed Taj Mahal looms in the background. The Black Razors move through piles of dead bodies arranged in perverted sexual positions like the Kama Sutra temple carvings of India.

SANTINI (CAPTION)
We could tell that halfway through his rampage he'd gotten really creative about how he killed people.

SANTINI (CAPTION)
They had been completely unprepared for him. He just came out of nowhere and killed everyone on the planet.

PANEL THREE

Washington D.C. - A half-smashed Capitol Dome in the background. Dead corpses stacked everywhere.

SANTINI (CAPTION)
We found no other evidence of post-human activity. I kept wondering where he came from.

SANTINI (CAPTION)
In their smashed-up Washington D.C. I found the answer. It wasn't an answer I liked, either.

PAGE 13

PANEL ONE

Small panel. Video image from an in-suit camera. A glass-enclosed Pod with the same design as Devil's suit. In the corner of the pod is a small decal.

SANTINI (O.S.)
My scientists say the capsule is designed to keep its occupant unconscious until it opens.

PANEL TWO

Close Up on the decal. It reads

CAPSULE TEXT
I/O International Operations. Study Mission 4-1776B. Codename: Devil.

SANTINI (O.S.)
The capsule is covered in residual bleed radiation. What you gentlemen may not know is that each universe has a **DIFFERENT** radioactive half-life and therefore anything from that universe has a unique identifying fingerprint.

PANEL THREE

Left side of the panel, Santini, in full military regalia class-a uniform (from issue #12), sits in a small senate hearings chamber. Next to Santini is a television showing helmet-cam footage from poor fucked-up Project Entry Universe.

Opposite Santini at panel right is another table with seven seated senators behind it. In the center is Senator Sonny Terns from #7. CP, Texiera drew him as a dead ringer for Donald Rumsfeld in a Colonel Sanders suit with string-tie, so I'm sorry, but you're stuck, buddy. There's photos of Rummy all over the net.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Select Senate Subcommittee for Superhuman Affairs. Washington D.C.

SANTINI
That capsule came from **THIS** universe. The monster that murdered 6 Billion humans was bred and weaponized by the Unit-

SENATOR SONNY TERNS
Be careful what you say here, Boy. This ain't the place to be throwin' around groundless accusations.

13 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Santini staring hatred towards panel right.

SANTINI
-By the United States Government, Senator Terns. This experiment in **GENOCIDE** was carried out by our country.

SANTINI
The technician who attempted to sabotage our exploration of the Project Entry Universe rolled over on Ivana Baiul as the administrator of this project.

SANTINI
Seems she bankrolled it using technicians she borrowed without my permission from International Operations and paid for it with money she received from the Senate Select Committee for Superhuman Affairs.

SANTINI
I don't want everyone in this room. Just one of you. Stake out a Judas Goat. Baiul is a War Criminal and should stand trial at the Hague. Everyone below her involved with decision-making and the actual breeding of the Creature should be sanctioned with extreme predjudice.

PANEL FIVE

Sonny Terns smiles towards panel left.

SENATOR SONNY TERNS
Now, boy, you know ain't none of that gonna happen. We're the first to admit that mistakes were made... ***maybe*** Rogue Elements of International Operations **DID** design and build this creature...

SENATOR SONNY TERNS
And let's say for the sake of **fun** that these Rogue Elements of I/O did **maybe** decide to test the efficiency of this country's new Bio-Warrior on a defenceless planet...

SENATOR SONNY TERNS
Well, don't you think that as the **operations head** of International Operations that ***YOU*** just might be on the short list of people to go on trial at the Hague?

PAGE 14

PANEL ONE

Angle on Santini as the evil shit Terns is spouting sinks in on Santini.

SANTINI
Me? I had nothing to do with this! The funding for this operation came from **THIS** room! I want to know-

PANEL TWO

Terns smiles and holds up some papers.

SENATOR SONNY TERNS
In fact, I'm sure that we can find any number of orders in your handwriting directing this entire sequence of events from start to finish.

SENATOR SONNY TERNS
Hell, I imagine we might even be able to gin up some video footage of you taking credit for the Genocide and laughing about it with Michael Jackson and a hot tub full of naked boys.

SENATOR SONNY TERNS
You see, Colonel San-Tee-Nee, unless you're more unbalanced than a three-legged dog, you'll keep your mouth shut about this incident, otherwise **YOU** will become known as the biggest Genocidal Maniac since Adolph Hitler.

PANEL THREE

Santini stands up at his table, furious.

SANTINI
You can't pull this crap! I've got proof! I'll go to the Media!

PANEL FOUR

Senator Terns puts his hands behind his head and leans back in his chair.

SENATOR SONNY TERNS
Well, now, which media would that be? The ones who don't show anything we don't want them to show? Who don't investigate anything we don't want them to investigate?

14 CONTINUED:

SENATOR SONNY TERNS
I think you're forgetting just how much business those companies have which falls under government jurisdiction. They're not going to do anything to make us angry, son.

SENATOR SONNY TERNS
No, Colonel Santini, I advise that you take a vacation and forget all this ever happened.

PANEL FIVE

Reaction shot from Santini, looking crushed and defeated.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

Santini in the present. Same Profile, but different look on his face now... pride, determination.

SANTINI
There were quite a few countries in the UN who were more than a bit perturbed by the video footage I showed them. I left out the part about how I/O had caused it... I wanted **this job**, not to spend the next five years testifying against those scumbags in the Hague.

FLINT
So you just let them get away with killing an entire planet?

PANEL TWO

Smiling, Santini waves her off.

SANTINI
Oh, hell no. I told Senators Terns that he wouldn't get away with his shit and he didn't. Took me four years, but he paid for it.

FLINT
What do you mean?

SANTINI
Save it. Something for when I know you better.

PANEL THREE

Santini and Flint next to the Project Entry teleporter. Tefibi at a console. An open red ring glows bright red.

SANTINI
Now, you ready to do me a favor? I have a shitty job that I need a volunteer for.

PANEL THREE

Flint & Santini. She raises an eyebrow.

FLINT
He's not dead, is he?

SANTINI
Nope. He's severely wounded, though... he's blind and deaf... but he still has other senses we can't even guess at. He almost got Jaeger once.

15 CONTINUED:

FLINT
I guessed you had an ulterior motive for being so chatty about your past.

SANTINI
There's no ulterior anything. I'm asking you straight out. This is a bonus job... you can turn it down if you want. You take it, though, you're all the way in. You get ALL the secrets.

PANEL FOUR

Santini touches Flint's arm.

FLINT
Why? Why ***ME***? I'm one of ***THEM***. An SPB.

SANTINI
You think I give a shit about that? I've read your file. You're good people. You're not one of these rock-star shitbirds lording your super powers over everyone... you sincerely want to change the world.

PANEL FIVE

Small. Flint's eyes. Suspicious.

PANEL SIX

Small. Santini's eyes. Pleading.

PAGE 16

PANEL ONE

Flint smiles. Santini smiles.

FLINT
Sure. I volunteer.

SANTINI
Good. Tefibi, give her the gear.

PANEL TWO

Tefibi hands Flint a load-bearing vest with grenade cannisters on it.

FLINT
What's all this?

SANTINI
Geowave grenades. Send out a magnetic pulse at regular intervals. We're pretty sure that he can read the planet's magnetic ley lines... the pulses should draw him right to you. When he gets close...

FLINT
Kill him.

SANTINI
Right.

PANEL THREE

Santini holds out his hand to shake hers. She stares at him, smirking.

SANTINI
Good luck.

PANEL FOUR

Flint grabs a surprised Santini's shirt and pulls him up off his feet and forces him to kiss her (she's supposed to be about a foot taller than he is, remember).

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

Flint drops Santini.

SANTINI
What was that for?

16 CONTINUED:

FLINT
Just testing a theory of your friend Coleman's.

SANTINI
And? Did I pass?

FLINT
With flying colors.

PANEL SIX

Flint walks into the Project Entry Portal. Santini rubs his chin, obviously thinking about he kiss.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 17

PANEL ONE

Flint steps out of the Teleportal. In the background is Nairobi, Kenya, her home town. Here's a good pic:

http://www.rotary.org/newsandinfo/rotarian/0211/images/nairobi.jpg

There are others on the web. GOOGLE!

Anyway, the grass is burnt and dead, the buildings in the distance shattered (leave enough of the funky tower to clue us in as to how she knows where she is). A dead water buffalo rots between Flint and the city.

FLINT
Nairobi? Gods, Santini, you are **CRUEL**.

DEVIL (O.S.)
You know Santini, also? What a strange coincidence.

PANEL TWO

Flint whirls and spots Devil sitting on top of a burned-out Citroen. Two dead bodies within grin out at the world from empty eye sockets and peeled-back dried lips.

DEVIL is extremely fucked-up. He looks A LOT like the corpses. He's definitely got eyes, though... just no eyelids.

FLINT
I thought you were supposed to be blind and deaf.

DEVIL
I was. I've got one hell of a healing factor, though. Doesn't much make sense to grow an ultimate weapon without one.

DEVIL
Now, turn back on that teleporter or I'll gut you like a trout, sweetums.

PANEL THREE

Flint strikes a wicked-cool combat pose.

FLINT
Could you grow a new head?

DEVIL
Errr... probably not.

17 CONTINUED:

FLINT
Then I have my work cut out for me.

FLINT
Come now and die, creature.

PAGE 18

PANEL ONE

Tefibi looks up in the air nervously and whistles, trying badly to appear nonchalant. Santini takes a chair next to Tefibi's computer hookup.

TEFIBI
Uh. Wow.

SANTINI
Nothing happened.

TEFIBI
Oh, yeah, sure, I mean, nothing, Sure.

SANTINI
Women are different than us. They... they react differently to stress. It didn't mean anything.

TEFIBI
Oh, yeah. Sure. Nothing.

PANEL TWO

Tefibi reaches up to flip a switch on a flatscreen monitor above his stand, barely hiding a smile.

TEFIBI
Just be careful, you know... there's that whole "Woman of Steel, Man of Kleenex Problem." She could pop you like a grape.

SANTINI
Tefibi, there is a universe full of computer geeks out there. I disappear you, no one's going to notice you've even been replaced.

PANEL THREE

Tefibi looks hurt.

TEFIBI
Maybe so, but you'll never find anyone as half as good to work for my shit wage.

SANTINI
Time for you to earn it. What do you have on the Federal Reserve Robbery? Why is the Fed keeping it a secret?

18 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

180-degree mood shift for Tefibi. He loves talking about himself and how clever he is. He points to a screen.

TEFIBI
Well... it seems that they're trying to head off a worldwide financial crisis. The plan is to inform all of the foreign governments of the theft of their gold after the stock and bond markets are closed for the weekend. Then they'll keep them closed for two weeks.

SANTINI
To let the panic burn itself out. Smart.

PANEL FIVE

Tefibi shakes his head.

TEFIBI
I'm not so sure... they've been lying about it for two days now and no one's any closer to catching whoever did it. It's going to destroy investor confidence when the truth comes out.

SANTINI
Worst case scenario?

TEFIBI
Two Hundred Billion dollars worth of the world's gold reserves magically disappears from the most secure vault in the world? Money which props up the value of every currency other than the US's? The governments of the world conspire to cover up the theft for an entire week? We're looking at a possible global depression along the lines of the 1930s.

SANTINI
Great. Just fantastic.

PAGE 19

PANEL ONE

Santini points to the computers.

SANTINI
Are you in the Civil Defence Administration's systems now?

TEFIBI
Yeah, a real breeze, too. You want tough, try hacking HALO corporation. I've been working on that for three weeks. Can't get anywhere.

SANTINI
Bring up everything these CDA idiots have on the robbery.

TEFIBI
You read it all last night... no new additions of value today.

SANTINI
Fine. Bring up the camera footage from the lobby.

PANEL TWO

Tefibi types, looks suspiciously at Santini out of the corner of his eye.

TEFIBI
Uh... you sure you want to see that, Boss? Blake's... uhm, incident, is on that film.

SANTINI
That's what I want to see. Something doesn't seem right about this whole thing.

TEFIBI
Well, you're in luck, then... there were 12 cameras in the lobby alone... we've got enough setups to make a music video out of it.

SANTINI
Just play the fucking footage.

VARY ALL OF THE CAMERA ANGLES FOR PANELS 3-8... Just make sure not to compose them too "well" - they're supposed to be random shots captured by automatic cameras.

PANEL THREE

Small camera shot. Coleman and Flint come into the bank doors. Flint is all jacked up from being burned.

19 CONTINUED:

TEFIBI (O.S.)
Okay... That’s where Coleman helped Flint get back into the fight...

PANEL FOUR

Small video screen shot. Coleman checks on the dead superpowered being with a huge hole through his chest.

TEFIBI (O.S.)
He checks the dead super-villain... he’s not coming back to life anytime soon...

PANEL FIVE

Small video screen shot. Coleman pulls the mask half-off of the robber’s face and checks his pulse.

TEFIBI (O.S.)
He checks the unconscious robber... still out like a light...

PANEL SIX

Small video screen shot. Cisco comes in, holding his face, his face a total bloody mess.

TEFIBI (O.S.)
Cisco staggers in, his cheek and half his jaw shot off. Incidentally, he’s being allowed visitors tomorrow, so if you want, you can come visit him with me.

SANTINI (O.S.)
Good.

PANEL SEVEN

Small video screen shot. The “unconscious” guy and “dead” guy with the giant see-through hole in his chest stand behind Coleman and Cisco. They look “shut off” -- like they’re being manipulated like puppets.

TEFIBI (O.S.)
Then suddenly these two are on their feet...

PANEL EIGHT

Coleman’s head explodes as the “dead” guy points an arm at Coleman.

TEFIBI (O.S.)
And, well, you know.

PAGE 20

PANEL ONE

Santini points to a video image of the "unconscious" robber.

SANTINI
That guy look awake to you?

TEFIBI
Hell No.

SANTINI
Yeah, me neither. Can you zoom in on his face?

TEFIBI
I guess... but this ain't some stupid TV cop show where I can pull up a guy's licence plate number from a blob on the screen... I can't add resolution that isn't there.

PANEL TWO

The unconscious guy's face, all blurry and jpegged-out is onscreen.

TEFIBI
That's the best I can do. Nowhere near good enough to run a driver's license check on or to run through the FBI computers.

SANTINI
I don't need any of that shit. I just need you to run it against the 216 people who worked in that bank.

TEFIBI
Oh, sure, that'll be easy...

PANEL THREE

The dead guy and unconscious guy's blurry jpeged faces from the security cam. Below that, two ID-Card type photos. One guy has an elvis haircut. The other guy a buzz-cut.

TEFIBI
Holy shit... they worked there.

SANTINI
My bet is that ALL of the robbers worked there. What other kinds of records you have on these employees?

20 CONTINUED:

TEFIBI
Well, to work there the FBI and Treasury department pretty much crawl all the way up your ass and investigate everything you've ever done since grade school. Hold on, I'll see what I can pull up.

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi weirded out.

TEFIBI
This must be some kind of mistake...

SANTINI
What's up?

TEFIBI
According to these treasury files, all of these employees have the same blood type.

SANTINI
Tefibi, I'm betting that's just scratching the surface. Can you get me all the personnel records on all 216 people who worked at that bank?

TEFIBI
Sure... it's going to take me a few hours, though. Some of these are offline paper files and I'm going to have to put in false scan requests.

SANTINI
Do it.

PAGE 21

PANEL ONE

Santini looks at his watch.

SANTINI
Speaking of time, Flint's been gone for nineteen minutes.

TEFIBI
Longest he ever took to get to one of those grenades is seven... but I did like you asked and I've been bombarding the area with low-frequency ultrasonics for the last six hours.

TEFIBI
He was probably waiting for her when she walked out of the teleportal.

PANEL TWO

Tefibi nervous. Santini makes the executive finger-steeple and looks at Tefibi over his crossed fingers. (think: Mr. Burns)

TEFIBI
Can I ask you a question? A hard one?

SANTINI
Three weeks.

TEFIBI
Eh?

SANTINI
You want to know how long I've been planning this op with Flint in mind. Three weeks.

TEFIBI
How'd you know she'd go for it?

SANTINI
Same way I knew you'd go for the job I offered you. I read her file.

PANEL THREE

Tefibi looks down. Vulnerable. Santini pats him on the shoulder. Behind them, a teleportal is opening up.

TEFIBI
Plans within plans... Thinking twelves moves ahead... Honestly, sir, sometimes you scare me.

21 CONTINUED:

SANTINI
Tefibi, we are up against the worst people in the world. I had better be twelve steps ahead of the game or we're all going to end up dead.

SANTINI
Looks like Flint's back.

PANEL FOUR

Flint emerges from the Teleportal. Holding Devil's head in one hand and his heart in the other. She IS FUCKED UP. Swollen eyes, loose front tooth, bloody nose, scuffed skin... she should look like she just went 12 rounds with Mike Tyson.

FLINT
I brought you some souvenirs from Project Entry's Africa.

SANTINI
Do you understand now? Why I do what I do?

FLINT
Yes.

SANTINI
Do you still want to be part of it?

FLINT
More than ever.

SANTINI
Then let's get you to Doctor Grunier.

PANEL FIVE

Touching shot as Santini supports Flint as they walk down the hallways to sickbay.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 22

PANEL ONE

Suicider Base. A massive “Wargames”-like Control Room with giant screens and desk after desk filled with people using computers. Give them some crazy A.I.M./Hydra-type outfit.

One of the computer feebs is turned towards camera, looking back over his shoulder.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Somewhere below Ohio.

SUICIDER TECHNICIAN
Sir! We’ve got a problem! Someone is requesting all of the medical records for the Federal Reserve Bank staffers!

CITIZEN SOLDIER (O.S.)
No matter. We always knew that there was a chance that the police would stumble upon the linkage. I’m a bit surprised that they worked this quickly, though...

SUICIDER TECHNICIAN
Sir, it’s not a police, FBI, or CDA inquiry... it’s a faked request and I’ve been able to track it back to a T3 line operating out of the United Nations.

PANEL TWO

A shadowy figure leans down over the computer tech’s shoulder.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Damn. Benito Santini and his modern Abraham Lincoln Brigade. The man should be working with me, not against me. This changes things. We’ll have to accelerate the second stage of the plan.

SUICIDER TECHNICIAN
Sir? Should I alert the field commander Busy Bracken?

CITIZEN SOLDIER
No, son... I’ll be leading the first attack myself.

PANEL THREE

Citizen Soldier in all his glory. Upside-down flag motif costume, everything I mentioned in my email. He’s in some crazy Jack Kirby Doctor Doom pose.

22 CONTINUED:

CITIZEN SOLDIER
It’s time that the world heard once again from...

pop this last line out of the text balloon or something else really crazy. Come up with a cool logo for him if you can... something with red white and blue letters, maybe.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
CITIZEN SOLDIER!

TO BE CONTINUED!

REFERENCE FOR THIS ISSUE:

HIERONYMOUS BOSCH:
http://www.i-a-s.de/IAS/Bilder/BOSCH/Haywainr.htm
http://www.i-a-s.de/IAS/Bilder/BOSCH/Judger.htm

JOHN JUDE PALENCAR is a modern Bosch-esque Guy:
http://www.artsforge.com/gallery_new/macabre/mythos.html

THE CHRYSLER BUILDING
http://www.wirednewyork.com/landmarks/chrysler/default.htm
http://xroads.virginia.edu/~1930s/DISPLAY/chrysler/Frame-1.html
http://www.greatbuildings.com/buildings/Chrysler_Building.html

MARVELMAN ONLINE
http://www.disappearhere.org/_marvelman/

THE UNITED NATIONS:

ONLINE VIRTUAL TOUR OF THE UN:
http://www.un.org/Pubs/CyberSchoolBus/untour/index.html

HERE'S A 360-DEGREE QUICKTIME OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL CHAMBER:
http://www.un.org/cyberschoolbus/untour/subsec.htm

ONLINE PHOTOS OF THE UN BUILDING:
http://www.un.org/Overview/Tours/UNHQ/#HQS-SITE

Santini & Flint: on the edge of a razor... might get shut down like I/O. Flint: make your own funding.